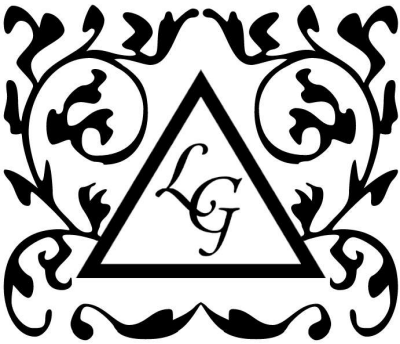
THE DAILY DARKIN

Volume VII

THE DAILY DARKIN.

By the Infranaciónal Consortium of
Goofiíst Associates.
Volume VII.

Being a Smól Journal of Physical Culture and Unusual Methodologié. Consisting of True and Faithful Reports.



Edited by Sn. Sherm.

MM. XX. V.

CAPITVLO
RVM OMNIVM QVAE IN HOC OPERE CONTINENTVR ELENCHVS.

OMAGIC, THE GATHERING. By The Prophet, Sn. Sherm, Sn. Venantivs Obseqvens, and Sn. Hrodobert. 1

Brain-Broke Nigga vs. a Literal Kurdish Demon. Faithfully recorded by a Terrified Bystander. 6

The Darkins of Sn. Rubracucullo. An infrasyndicated comic-strip. By the I.C.G.A. 14

The Lizard and the Scorpion. By Sn. Sherm, Sn. Venantius Obseqvens, and Sn. SAP. 15

On the Virtue Transmission Method. By Sn. Sherm. 21

Journal of Oneiric Inquiry. By Sn. SAP, Sn. Sherm, At man Halal, and Sn. Hrodobert. 25

In Search For Castle Unk. by Sn. SAP. 28

The Acroatic Sip of the Patriarch. By Sn. James Ignatius Terrance. 32

On Waking Up. By Sn. Arsutumvs. 35

MAGIC,[a] THE GATHERING.

BEING AN APPROXIMATE RECORD OF SOMething that The Prophet overheard while being somewhere, in particular, and not in general. Written by:

The Prophet, Sn. Sherm, Sn. Venantivs Obseqvens, and Sn. Hrodobert.

a. *We put this comma here to avoid any possible legal action against the I.C.G.A. that is not to say any members of this publication are subject to any worldly laws.*

There was an insane woman
Blabbering about "synchronicity."
The man talking to her,—
With clear Spoffordic influence—
Began speaking of an infernal
Gathering of sorts. He said:
Some of the most powerful sorcerers
Attended this party. You wouldn't believe it, we got:
Hebrew prophets; *twelve tribes*, yeah, that's right.
We got that nigga Simon, casting he spells.
The castrated priests of the Great Mothá...
The mana-pool of this function *cannot* be measured.
We got my cousin Fuccino, left-hand chiropractor.
We got Impundulu, he a man, but he *not* a man,
But he a rapist, and you *don't* wanna see him.
The Kabbalah Center has been contacted.
We got a member of the Cherokee nation
That claims he can see trees.
We got Yorubian Epistmeologists.
We got the Yorke Microfilms,

We had a Papuan... Dawg, in the activities, we had:
Book-reading, snake-dwelling, auguries,
Nonhuman sacrifice, human-sacrifice,
Humane-sacrifices, spell 'n' bee, spellcasting,
Bone-singing, cauldron-stirring,
Nigga, we got: Tome-pontificating,—
Yes, the Pontiff was in attendance,—
We got Torah study; shit nigga, we goń
read the Midrash too. I borough a few legal scholars
From Ur, they'll be able to help,
I don't know how to read Aramaic,
I skipped that class man, I was too busy
Enchanting lottery tickets...
We got daürk ass Bönpo niggas with the dagger.
Shit man, we got an average Carthaginian citizen;
We got an Amazonian river dolphin.
Etruscan medicine women.
We found a beast-man from Nineveh,
We brought him here and, I shit you not,
He started speaking English.
And my brothá Nebuchadnezzar was there,
We summoned him using the *Third Method.*
We got an eighty-year-old Angakkuq
That can manifest seals out of the floor.
He don't speak English. Shit man,
He don't even believe in magic, he just does that.
Delphic oracles, nigga. We got peninsular goëticians,
Turkic Truthsayers, Chaldean Magi, on Zoroaster,
Yeah ḍas ríte, we got Mithraic lion initiates, nigga;
Scythian augurists, with the horses and such.
All manner of magician and magi arrived
To this conference; you wouldn't know...
Batak sorcerer, fuckiń pickling kids in jar ń shit,
With the *pupuk*; how do you even spell that?
You don't know... anyway, man, we got:

Envious men that wanted to kill their brother,
Children demanding that we murder their parents;
It's getting so dark dawg, we goń run out of finger food.
We got the ghoſt of Ramses II arriving.
That man has not been seen in thousands of years.
For good reason! He's wanted in the seven ſtates:
Hattusa seeking he blood, Nineveh seeking he bones,
Elam seeking he head. None of us snitched though,
'Cause we knew he was a legend...
This party was *crazy*, man! People died,
People came back to life, and then were killed again.
I asked him why he did it, and he said;
"All magic has a price."
And I knew he wasn't lying, 'cause they say:
"A magician never reveals his secrets."
That's because he has *none*.
Anyway, did you know we had people at this party?
We had an Esoteric Lynchian, [no relation.]
We have several atheiſts here,
They are here, and they would like us to know
That they do not believe any of this is real.
Shit man, we had a Thracian myſtic
Open up the gate to the underworld,
And we danced with the dead, I shit you not.
We got the Mellified Man, dripping honey
All over the floor... I hate this nigga.
We got a Scottish cannibal trying to drink
All of our Buckfaſt.™ You telliń me cannibalism
Not magical? Whatever man...
We got the Kanaima with the iguana-prolapse-device.
We had floriſts, cancer survivors. We got wordsmiths,
Linguiſts, several anthropologiſts, a few PhDs,
This is not a "nobody event;" very high profile.
We got college educated people,
Highschool educated people.

A few of us got elementary school degrees.
We got Enoch, we got Solomon;
I think I seen Metatron in the bathroom.
The despondent voices of lost souls.
Well, despondent wouldn't even begin
To explain these voices...
We had an Oriental fumagist,
I shit you not, you could *see* spirits.
It was a hell of a party, I mean, *conference*.
Man, you wouldn't believe it, at the function,
We had a Sunni demon and a Shia angel.
They got along pretty well actually.
We had an entirely ordinary Phoenician,
He was the Carthaginian's plus-one.
We had people that weighed many hundreds of pounds,
But somehow were able to walk.
We had terminally ill children,
That were able to make wishes come true.
We had spiritual retards. Astral invalids.
We had a nigga that knew the Lord's Prayer by heart.
We had a Quranic Theurgist from Iraq,
Nigga refused to reveal his makeup secrets,
And used his eye-shadow to gaze at demons.
Nigga, we got a Mardukian temple prostitute,
Yes! The very one that put that smell on Enkidu.
We got Enkidu's evil brother *Udikne*.
We got magi and magus, but they beefiń upstairs.
We had several day-traders,
But I think they were confused as to
What kind of function this was.
They still in the corner tryná talk to the kabbalists.
Due to airline difficulties,
We have no shamans, just a "sha'man."
We got a priest and rabbi that arrived together,
Had to tell them this function was not a joke.

There was a single secular Jew, though,—
Everybody made fun of him.
We got jits growing up in a place named after a howg.
We had several Alawites;
I think they they were worshiping Aristotle this time.
We got a Yazidi... *disgusting*.
Shit man, we got a bunch of robed individuals
Carrying some sort of luminiferous swords,
We got bitches in veils up in here. They tryná breed.
They say they wear the veil so I can't see them,
But I say: You can't see *me*, and I wave my hand.
Truly, wisdom can only come with age,
That's why I'm twenty.
We brought a few stage magicians,
So we can laugh at them.
Several killer clowns;
Getting them past TSA was quite difficult.
You see, the helium,—it doesn't work.
Dawg, this was an *event*...
It was a truly momentous occasion.
I was too scared to talk to anyone, man; shit,—
They don't pay me to talk, I was just holding the sign:
"MAGIC CONFERENCE HERE."

BRAIN-BROKE NIGGA

VS. A LITERAL KURDISH DEMON, SUMMONED by a Goofiíſt cháman. Being a didactic dialogue on virtue ethics, faithfully recorded by a Terrified Bystander.

Dear reader, this actually happened; I was there.™© My father and grandfather cannot corroborate this, but nonetheless, you should believe me.[1]

The legend of this dialogue should be evident. However, the clarification of the identities of the persons in the dialogue are as follows: B.B.N,—being the titular "*Brain-Broke Nigga*," and L.K.D,—being the "*Literal Kurdish Demon*."

Now that everything has been clarified, what follows is the dialogue itself:

B.B.N: "Male legs shouldn't be too big, it is a feminine trait, lotsá niggas with androgen insensitivity got big tortá legs, bellies, and masculine breaſts."

[At this moment a Goofiíſt cháman, overhearing this, invoked a literal Kurdish demon using the myſtery of the English alphabet.]

L.K.D: "Oh! What is this which my eyes reveal to me! This is clearly a man in need of aid, for no man would utter such words, leſt he be cranially deficient; here, quickly, ſtrike your skull with a mallet, this will surely rebalance the humors."

1. *See: Don't Sleep, There are Snakes: Life and Language in the Amazonian Jungle, by Daniel Everett.*

B.B.N: "But you do not understand, demon, this condition is real, effeminate niggas who have wide hips, big legs, thighs, and narrow chests. Why should I listen to you? You are but a bum-nigga Kurd subhuman, as my father would say—to me,—what standing do you have to speak on such matters?"

L.K.D: "Your words are as incomprehensible as the sound of clashing waves, heed my advice, it comes from a place of compassion, for the public, not the res publica though."

B.B.N: "Demon, your people's contributions to this world are as incomprehensible as the waves you fear. My people, on the other hand, are a strong people, we even have good bowel movement weeks after taking suck from the beasts of the earth."

L.K.D: "You say this, eating the fruits of the garden which my people have tended and have been loitering in for generations. You know what they say about sour grapes? But few know about the man who eats the sweet grapes and calls them sour. But then again, it would be questionable to call you human."

B.B.N: "What you say is of no more importance than the time I performed cunnilingus upon, what I assume, was your mother, oh! Demon!"

L.K.D: "Interesting, you rebuke others of your species for their effeminacy, but here you are, with effeminacy dripping from your mouth. I pray to Allah, so that rain may come and you may look at your reflection in fear."

[At this point, the demon manifested a frightful apparition of an extremely citric visage, which gesticulated wildly with it's unusually tongue.]

B.B.N: "This is true, yes, but as I perform cunnilingus, it is you who fellates men"

L.K.D: "Proudly."

B.B.N: "I could tell."

L.K.D: "With cum on my lips I rebuke thee, you who is all wicked and stupid."

B.B.N: "Demon, you speak like an uranian."

[At this moment the Brain-Broke Nigga produced the Añjali mudrā, and the sign of Harpocrates.]

L.K.D: "Stop exhibiting this stupidity, it offends me."

B.B.N: "Stop being a 'bum-nigga Kurd subhuman.' "

[At this time the Brain-Broke Nigga covered his mouth, it is not known why.]

L.K.D: "As I have stated before, I—who does not engage in the shameful practice of bowing to the vulva,—am superior to you."

B.B.N: "Mere rhetoric, for clearly one such as yourself would not even be able to acquire any access to women in such a way. And, in fact, I have only performed the aforementioned act two times in my life. The first time was upon the woman, whom I still maintain was your likely your mother, and now I perform it upon you, in a symbolic way. See how clever my words are, for I have masticated your arguments in the same way as I have masticated upon the acidic chalice of the feminine organ, you catamite.

L.K.D: "But do you not see, oh! Adversary, that we are in the same position as before. Your rhetoric has moved in retrograde, much like the worst of the stellar bodies, not the good ones; often a bad omen, a cause of many diseases and some famines."

B.B.N: "What is in retrograde? I do not understand that which you speak. Did I ever say that I performed the shameful act more times than I have stated?"

L.K.D: "The stellar bodies, my friend, they are moving backwards, faster and faster, trying to escape your wrenched existence. You see, my friend, even the supernal realm wishes to have no influence upon your wretchedness, for fear of contamination by the same."

B.B.N: "Cease thy speech, which is in the manner of the passive homosexual."

[Right then, the Brain-Broke Nigga again produced the Añjali mudrā and smiled from ear to ear.]

L.K.D: "I would be happy to oblige you, if indeed you leave and take my advice with the mallót, and then thank me afterwards."

B.B.N: "Your advice, oh! Demon, is worthless, just like your existence."

L.K.D: "But I insist, this is the only cure for your maladies. I've provided prodigious services along these lines before, trust me brother, it is not difficult."

[At this point a third party entered the function and quickly advocated for "twenty minute power naps to improve the memory."]

L.K.D: "I say this, but instead of heeding my advice, you act the part of the foolish youth, despite your advanced age. Here I am, swerving my advice up and down, as if it were a spoon, and your jaw will not receive the medicine, instead it goes on and on about men's thighs."

B.B.N: "You speak madness, perhaps it you who is in need of medicine, oh! Demon."

L.K.D: "I am the epitome of health, for I am made of smokeless fire, and you are comprised of earth and water. Ask yourself this: What sickness befalls you? (The previous statement is a wicked trick.)"

[At this point the third party from before, clearly also some sort of sorcerer, manifested an image of a type of developiń hominid engaging in a kind of meditation practice beneath a waterfall. I don't know what this means, I hope this nigga leaves.]

B.B.N: "You are a fool, for as I speak with you, my coffer increase."

L.K.D: "And yet here I am offering my charity, for the man who has enslaved me has promised a deduction of

several years from my captivity for each good deed that I perform."

B.B.N: "I hear your words as if they are in another language, so I shall translate them, what you say is that you are in fact a 'bum-nigga Kurd' who wastes time in idleness instead of accruing wealth like a sensible man."

L.K.D: "Yes, it is so, in this way I am much similar to that one man... ühh, if he can be called a man,—*Jesus*? Yes, that is the Messiah, the Christ, if you will."

B.B.N: "You need not remind me of your status as a lover of men's thighs, for it is already clear that you are nothing more than an arch-fellator of the uranian variety. I do not think Jesus spent time in idleness, my nigga, for his congregation was most attentive, while your words go unheard."

L.K.D: "But clearly you are being attentive to my words, as far as the shape of your cranium allows. So heed the advice, it is for your own good!"

B.B.N: "I tell you as the proverb goes: While you fight the wind, it is I who produces it. That is to say by flatulence, so chase the wind, dog."

[At this moment, the Kurdish Demon manifested a wooden mallet.]

L.K.D: "Behold this instrument of healing, just a few knocks will put you right."

B.B.N: "You produce this mallet before me, yet it appears to me that it is covered in excrement, is this perhaps your fascination? That is to say, indulgence in the scatological sciences?"

L.K.D: "Hear me, we can schedule an appointment in the place where ye dwell and I shall perform the curative function on your behalf. In this way you may be free to admire my minuscule thighs while I do it. You have my word, I shall not take advantage of you in such a compro-

mised state, for I am a ware of your alleged aversion to all forms of pederasty."

B.B.N: "Tell me, Demon, what is the size of your feet in the standard measure?"

L.K.D: "Holón, lemmé check."

B.B.N: "Check? It brings tears to my eyes that another conscious being upon this earth does not know the size of his own feet. It is as if the man does not know his own virtues! A tragedy."

L.K.D: "But you must understand, oh! Afflicted one, I don't get many niggas asking to see my feet."

B.B.N: "Did I ask that of you? Is your whole existence based on a collection of conjectures and intuitions? Much like when your parents, if creatures such as yourself give birth, assumed you'd be a functioning member of the society in which you exist, but instead they got a naturally born fool with proclivities towards the perverse."

L.K.D: "Do not lie, you know what you were doing, there is no sense in denying it now. And, concerning the size of my feet, it is thus: In the New World and by their standard measure it is 13, and in the barbarian lands of Ionia it is 47. But if you wish to see, and not merely understand the measure, this will cost you in coinage, and perhaps other things."

B.B.N: "47? Men of legend could paddle boats using your feet! You are a monstrosity!"

L.K.D: "Do not deny it, you are fond of my appendages. I have read the truth upon your face."

B.B.N: "Perhaps you are no Kurdish demon, but a Kurdish duck instead. 'Quack-quack,' is the sound which you make as you move in this terrible world, as I fondle my testicles and luxuriate, even though I spend my charge of labor in idleness."

[At this moment the Demon changed
into the form of a large duck]

L.K.D: "Look upon me and try to refuse that you are not enthused by the shape of my spiral member, as you are a sick man, who is fond of the fowl of the air, much in the same way as normal men are fond of women. So be honeſt, you are desirous for this member to be inserted into your ears so that it may ſtir up the *grain matter* in your brain—they got oatmeal in they head,—separating wrong from right, inſtilling the teachings of God into your lobotomized soul."

[At this moment the Brain-Broke Nigga fled,
but then returned after a short while.]

L.K.D: "What is this? I thought we were done? I thought perhaps that the task-maſṭá of your charge muſt have discovered your absence and idleness, which caused you to flee. So I say to you again: Consider the mallet hypothesis, it will set you right, I promise, I've done it to a few patients that had similar symptoms as you before."

B.B.N: "Huh? Could you repeat that? My absence was related to my charge, yes, but only insofar as I had to leave in order to receive payment for my fraudulent labor. Payment, which I may add, is quite subſtantial."

L.K.D: "Indeed, I wrote it down for you here. Do not get disorientated in the subſtance, as they say, brother. His thighs may diſtract you."

[At this moment the demon projected a vision
of an ambiphallused creature, whose teſticles
were descending from its two anuses. Frightening.]

B.B.N: "I shall not look upon this now, perhaps you may send a letter to the Chartered Company For the Aid of The Naturally Slow and Pathic."

L.K.D: "I fear sending you a letter, for it may never reach you, given that the place of your birth has not eſtablished roads safe enough for such a correspondence to be made possible. I may conjure the apparition once more, if you are so inclined."

B.B.N: "It is not so, it is *your* barbarous land, in fact, which would make this impossible for you."

[A stray Korean appeared for a brief moment.]

L.K.D: "What can I say, it is not the custom of my people to share lewd images of men with one another often, we simply engage in sodomy whenever we please."

B.B.N: "You are saucing me! But I tell you, if it is so, then keep such traditions among your perverse people."

L.K.D: "Do you suffer the phallus of a man often, my friend? Perhaps engaging in such customs might fix the deficiencies which exist in your mind."

B.B.N: "I politely refuse."

[The Brain-Broke Nigga did the Añjali Mudrā two times and smiled, bearing his teeth.]

L.K.D: "Perhaps you are too foolish to understand what is good for you, for often the medicine is bitter."

B.B.N: "It must be a great sadness for you, that your incontinence is such that you simply cannot hold in the excrement of your words, and so spill them here at me."

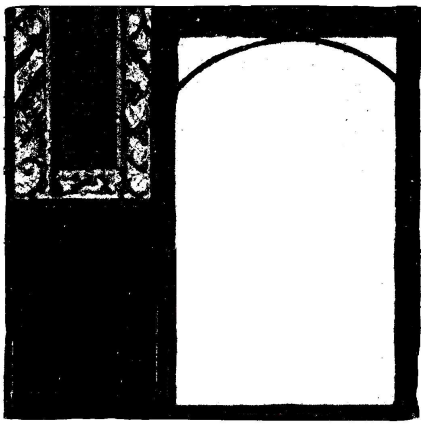
L.K.D: "It is sad! For look, I have someone who is so clearly in need of help, and yet I cannot help them. It's extremely sad, my sympathetic soul can not endure it. And by this I mean that it is clear that your ass hungers, and yet you deny it being filled."

[The Demon conjured up a vision of a steaming man in prostration, defecating himself, and then produced noises of the same nature. The victim left the room, likely called up by a managerial agent from before, to continue his duties.]

L.K.D: "I continue my wicked ways until all that is stupid leaves my presence. I am a soldier of GOD."

[The demon claims victory by spreading lies about his purpose in this world to the bystanders.][2]

2. *Which one was the victor? Who will temporally succeed? The decision is yours.*



THE DARKINS

of

SN. RUBRACUCULLO.

An Infrasyndicated
Comic-Strip.

By the

I.C.G.A.

Episode VII.

"N.N."

Untitled Poem.

By N.N.

AN INQUIRY CONCERNING
THE COMIC-STRIP:

Where is he?

THE LIZARD AND THE SCORPION. OR: LIZ AND SCORP. BEING A didactic narrative. Written by Sn. Sherm, Sn. Venantius Obseqvens, & Sn. SAP.[a]

a. *The people mentioned in this story are not real, as far as we know none of this happened.*

There was two créechás, but they was not human. One of them was a scorpion, known as *Scorp*, the other was a lizard beast, know in the hood as *Liz* [The Beast.]

Mister Scorp was a practicing Muslim, shalala-ha-la-lei-ha-lo!

Mister Liz was a Nestorian Christian, chicken flavá. They was good friends,—surprisingly—living it up in Gan Eden, [this really what they called it.] Anyway, Liz pull up to Scorp, he say: "Hey, badman, ḍat deh gorgon Adam a try nyam mi. Him gwon eat up all de créechá dem."

"Who?" Scorp said to his retarded friend.

"You go aǹ scorp on him."

"No."

"Scorp on him!"

"Awrite..."

And he went and scorped on Adam, but it wasn't Adam, it was another man. At some point later a woman named Eve was created and then,—disaster.

Liz's cousin was cursed to crawl on he belly, and nobody wanted to be around his freaky ass; fuckiǹ crawliǹ on he belly aǹ shit, like, nigga got no legs, no arms, ap-

pendages, fuckiń creepiń around chasiń mice ań shit. He was a watṭá créechá.

Anyway, after Cain invented rock 'n' roll, Liz and Scorp was driving back from land of Nod.

"Why did you bring up ḍat I went over dá curb, it such a trivial nothiń!" Liz said to his friend.

"But ḍas a speed limit," Scrop said, "why not dem respect speed limit!? You reckless, bruddá, reckless wiṭ yó life!"

By this time they was living in a world of pain and sufferiń. When they ran out of gasoline they went to a river. There was a frog there, and he was maybe wanting to help them.

"Mi gwoń scorp on him," Scorp proclaimed.

"Na! Do not scorp on him!" Liz protested.

Suddenly, they noticed a man, yes, a man, run up to the frog, ań he say: "Ha-ha! you are a frog! Look at you upon your lilypad, ignorant of the rest of the world!"

The frog gaze upon him: "I may be a frog," he said, "but you are unemployed."

The man ran off, crying.

Seeing this, Liz and Scorp were terrified of the frog. The frog turned its gaze onto them, and they were frozen with fear: "Have you read Karl Marx's Grundrisse?"

They fled in terror, for they did not know.

After many years the two came upon a dangerous man, a water-drinker.

"W-water... water?" he say to them.

"I and I not know what that mean," the two proclaimed, and soon they were faced with a fierce and wrathful minstrel of sorts.

"A-ha, I'm learned in the ways of the Kundalini," he said in his Tennessee drawl, "can't you see the swastikas in my eyes? Yeah bebeh, ha-ha! Spinniń!.. The Shakti is at my command, brother!" He was a man with a large pom-

padour and the gayest outfit you have ever seen.[1] He began daggering anything nearby with a Tourette's-like swagger, saying: "I am Shiva! I am the cast system! This is my ritual skull, I drink semen form this... a'thank-you-very-much, a-ha! I'm an elephant, bebeh, I kneel before the trident."

1. *Yes, you.*

Scorp and Liz were astonished by his doctrine.

"Ha-ha! Let me tell you somethiń: Shiva Lingam, I prostrate before the trident! Swastika gyrating in my hips, hypnotize the people! Have you read the Shaivite texts? Do you understand the doctrine of vibration? 'Cause I'm vibrating, bebeh! Catch me in the mountains of Nepal, freeziń to death, 'cause I'm dying bebeh! Ha-ha! I mean I'm cool, always been cool."

This man was fat, but somehow still compelling, like one of those strange Italian men with blue eyes and blond hair, but he was not Italian, and his hair was darker than the man he sought to imitate, that's right: Shiva the Destroyer.

"Ha-ha! Jump aboard the Shambhala express, bebeh! I am become a star!" He said, as he plunged his hand into a *mandala* he had haphazardly etched into the dry earth, "My name is Svastha Bálasyapārvata Purohitmahanath, that's my secret name, but not anymore, a-ha-ha! Listen bebeh, I'm a lonely man, like a rocker with forty in his hand!"

"Mi read pon dem anthropologist," said Scorp, "it de *alterity*, de oddaness..."

"Mi pretty sure you take dem lyric from bad badman Shawn Lenon; worst individual," Liz stated.

"To take is to give, bebe, a-ha! To give is to take. Don't you know the doctrine of vibration? Look at the saucer-spin on the swastika-shine; don't you now what my family had to sacrifice in the Rhine?" He turned a dramatic angle and slightly lowered his Nautic 2 shades, he was clearly tearing up, "don't you know about the black brothás lost

in Leningrad? And by black brothás I mean the Schutzstaffel. They're out there to this day, scremaiń, cryiń, hollariń; another child is born in the ghetto..."

"But mišta Svaštha, how come when mi close eyes, neva see Shiva?" Scorp asked.

"Huh!?" He spun and maybe shined a supernatural shine, "that's because you ain't got the abounding plenitude bebeh, a-ha-ha!"

"But mišta mystical mon, can't you see dis world ruthless, there is no moral imperative, no abounding of any kind but wickedness!" Liz protested.

"The world? Huh! Bebeh, I'm burniń that shtetl down with yogi-fire!" He snapped a finger-gun at Liz and Scorp. Suddenly, he got quiet and got on one knee.

"You okay mon?" Scorp asked.

"Don't criticize what you don't understand, son," he answered, blood spurting from his mouth. "I'm not okay! I'm a demon! I bled for the Sudetenland! I fought and died on the Eastern front... I died in Stalingrad!"

"I don't know, family, mi actually like Vishnu," Scorp said unto the mahāsiddha, who spontaneously combusted at the utterance of those words.

"But you is a Muslim," Liz said to his friend.

"Yes, I submit to anything I think is more powerful than me."

"Okay, whatever ya say."

"A-ha-ha-hamurabeh! I'm a law maker!" They heard the ghostly afterimage of the man they had just now maybe killed.

The two friends made their way to another place, a land known as Bakersfield, California.

"Dem they are no bakers in this field," scorp observed.

"Mon, stop it with the language, mi no play no language game," Liz criticized.

"But, my friend, language is how we..." he stopped for a long time, "...communicate," he concluded.

"Thea must be a bettá way," Liz answered.

They went around town seeking a better way, but they could not find it, because they had to ask questions using language, which they had foreswored a moment prior."

"We cannot give up our aim to rid di world of life."

"But Liz, when was dis decided fi us?"

"Nothing is decided! Tings are only determined, and I am determined to see dis ting through."

After some time, the two witnessed the assassination of Indira Gandhi.

"Mon do you not understand the importance of dis moment?"

"No," Liz answered.

They returned to their quest to rid the world of life. In this endevour they enlisted the services of the notorious badman God. And he flooded the world, and the créechás in theá. But when the two washed up on the mountain Ararat, dem realized because they was not on Noah boat, fi dem no punani to go around, no lizard punani, certainly no scorpion punani; dis because rude-boy Noah could not find the male pair, because they was scheming with gorgon God to flood di world.

For their wickedness they spend forty minutes on de mountain. "What we do now?" Scorp asked.

"What if mi stop talking," Liz said, "no problem den."

[The moral of this story is: Everything
wrong, nothing right!]

THE DARKINS

of

Sn. Rubracucullo.

An Infrasyndicated
Comic-Strip.

By the

I.C.G.A.

Episode VIII.

"Sn. Rubracucullo Goes to Hell."

The Descent.

They say those like I shall go to hell,
So I looked around to find a way,
Till I reached that sulfur smell.
I saw the pagans and infants too,
The "poet" Horace was there as well,
So I beat him with his shoe.
Some souls I saw were of my debtors,
Among those doomed by lust,
And I knew that God read my letters.
Then there was a sickly rain,
And I was bored by all these sights,
So I hurried down the drain.
The bottom was dark and I could not see,
But then I saw who in there dwelled;
I had no idea who these people might be.

By The Prophet. Sn. SAP,
Sn. Sherm, & Ls. Düglas.

AN INQUIRY CONCERNING
THE COMIC-STRIP:

Oh, there he is!

ON THE VIRTUE TRANSMISSION METHOD. BEING A SCHEME BY which a text may be enabled to alter the reader on the physical level, thus inducing virtue into them, according to its nature.

Written by Sn. Sherm.

The Method. Caput primum.

Tell me, nigga, how many books have you read, thinking to yourself: "*Yeah, yeah, ḍis one will save me, this the one, if I suck this shit down I'll become an omnipotent person that never drinks water, yeah, ḍas gunná be me!*"

Now let me tell you this, the wise are privy to the following: *It is more about how one consumes information than what that information is.* Matter of fact, I've met mystical men who have gained knowledge by gazing into welding arcs, piles of sunflower seeds, shower-drains; I myself have learned much by gazing at the back of my eyelids, some crazy stuff in there man, gods, devils, deviled-eggs, deviled-ham,—I'm getting kind of hungry, man, but the point is,—I *seen* it, and you will too, but you goń see something different, for the method here will be cast into you by direct means and, for this purpose, it has been decided that this very text will transform you into a *Confucian*. Now, if you are scared of becoming a Confu-

cian,—ſtop reading right now, this the laſt and only warning you will receive, for from this point onward there is no turning back.

The method involved in impressing different virtues will be different depending on the virtues to be impressed. In this case you muſt obey the following: You muſt hold your head at a fixed diſtance of around one arm's-length from the screen or physical magazine as you read this text.

Confuscification. Caput II.

Although the antiquity of Chinese civilization is an ever-suspicious claim, we can, for the purpose of this text, say that Confucius, or Kǒngzǐ, lived during the so-called "*Spring and Autumn*" period in Chinese hiſtory. Several classical works are attributed to him, but we not here to throw ſticks on the ground and rub our chins, pondering what that means, no, man, we here to learn about *ethics*.

Now, readable-language Confucianism comes down to us from the Jesuits. This is a problem. Luckily for you I have spoken to several Celeſtials and have thus gained the empowerment to localize the key concepts, so that you may not be afraid to learn them.

The firſt concept we shall speak of is *Tian*. Now, this is equivalent to what the Arabians call "Allāh." A cursory glance at the *Qur'an* and the *Analects*[1] will render this clear. Why do we begin with this concept? Because this where virtue begin, lil nigga, you need someone biggá than yourself, otherwise there is no need for ethics, because you would be the biggeſt ṭing around. Now, if you go and try to act like you the biggeſt dude,—without actually being that,—you will either be killed or quickly realize the necessity of ethics. So, juſt as Confucius himself says:

> If Heaven had wished to let this cause of
> truth perish, then I, a future mortal, should

1. *Footnote.*

not have got such a relation to that cause.
While Heaven does not let the cause of truth
perish, what can the people of Kuang do to me?

This is pivotal to understanding Confucian thought, contrary to the popular occidental notion of the worship of some sort of secular-harmony being the essence of *Ru*, as it is known in the middle-kingdom. It is all about niggas not hallucinating that they are something they are not. This is the origin of all disharmony. Smól man ṭink he big, big man ṭink he smól; that nigga over there think he doesn't owe me money, and so on. Chaos and ruination... Again, we see Confucius explain this in he book:

There is government, when the prince is prince,
and the minister is minister; when the father
is father, and the son is son.

As long as an individual is attempting to be something he can never become he will suffer and cause suffering for the society in which he dwells. "*But how, maṣṭá? How can I know what I am!*" I hear you ask, and I tell you this: Listen, man,[2] I am not a Confucian, I just write this stuff, okay? Go and stare at the revolutions of Big Dipper until you understand. This is likely what Confucius himself did.

2. *https://en.wiktionary.org/wiki/man*

With the fear of Heaven now firmly lodged between the hemispheres of your brain, we may move onto another key concept, that of *Junzi.* Now, Junzi means "someone not fucked up in the crib at five AM, smoking gutṭáh-weed, watching Beyblade world tournament finals. So, it means "superior person."

Becoming a Junzi is the aim of Confucian thought. In contrast to this there is the "*Xiaoren*." Xiaoren mean "lil nigga." This is a person who thinks they gaining powá, but never notice how each day their feet get bigger and their nose rounder and redder. It is a person who tries to be what he is not by any means necessary and, as previously explained, this leads him to ignorance and misery.

The Junzi acts in precisely the opposite way. He may in fact be a broke-nigga, but in this, he is never a *brain-broke* nigga. Wealth got nothing to do with this, for if obeying the law of Heaven (Tian) for him does not require this, then he is still doing good. Many virtues are used to describe the Junzi, but most important of all is *Ren.* Concerning Ren, Confucius says:

XXIV. ON THE VIRTUE TRANSMISSION METHOD.

> Wishing to be established himself, seeks also to
> establish others; wishing to be enlarged himself,
> he seeks also to enlarge others.

This very similar to a method taught by Sainted Nigga Jesus the Christ et al. It is a cultivation of benevolence. The importance of this stems from the nature of social intercourse. Like, before you open your prag mouth or try to scam some aged mental invalid using gift-cards,—stop and think a little. Who gonná trust you? Why should anyone trust you? Oh you think you slick? You think you can keep the charade going forever? Go read the bit about *Tian* again.

The vast majority of developiń hominids will be hypnotized by a show of benevolence and will in-kind return benevolence.[3] In this way we may also define Ren as "*right-minded-paranoia,*" for the sage (Junzi) is always considering the consequences of his actions.

3. *The Ethics, Book IV, Prop. XVIII.*

Now, you may ask: "*But what if my benevolence is not returned and, I myself being one-sidedly benevolent, myslelf get scammed!?*" Well, lucky for you, cousin, there is the concept of *Li.*

Li can be translated in a few ways, but what it really means is "*method*" itself. I forget the part where Confucius write about this, I haven't read the book yet, but Li is an abstract term for any and all good methods or rituals, and among them is *good judgment*, by which you can, indeed, avoid being scammed while remaining benevolent.

This leads into *Yi*, which is simply a form of intuition one gains, if one lives correctly. It is the ability to make good decisions relative to whatever circumstances the decision is to be made in, and so on.

We will now briefly explain the concept of *Wu wei.* Now, at the risk of spreading wópaganda, I must say that *Sprezzatura* is a better translation of the concept than the various interpretations propagated by men who confuse laziness for virtue and so speak of strange contradictions.

The concept of Wu wei is most often heard of when one engages with *Taoism*, however, it has its place in Confucian thought as well. In fact, it is one of the primary concepts one must understand in order to cultivate real-nigganess (Junzi.) It is a reward from Heaven (Tian) for not going against the grain. So, like, go re-read the bit on Tian again, I don't know what else to tell you, man. And if you still find it objectionable, then, by all means, keep trying, nigga. You must be really stupid, like, you like a fish trying to breathe under water, but,—psych! You was a land-dwelling mammal the whole time.

Now, *Xiao,* that is,—*filial piety.* This the one most occidentals think of when they think about Confucianism. What can we say here? Do you love you parents? You don't? That is very unfortunate for you, man.

And now let us speak a little about one key concept that is less commonly heard concerning Confucianism, that of *Cheng-ming.* Dis mean: "Rectification of names," and by defining what it means we have rectified a name. You see, there was a time in China[4] when the ten-thousand schools of thinking were beefing over how to define various things. Confucian thought on the matter is that we must correctly know what is what and who is who, lest they start getting some funny ideas, and lest we become confused by the sorcery of language.

4. 諸子百家

More could be written, but this is not a Confucian textbook, no, by this point you should already be transformed into a Confucian by the nature of this very text. So, good luck with that, I don't know what else to tell you, dawg.

JOURNAL OF ONEIRIC INQUIRY. BEING THE THIRD INSTALLMENT OF the scholárly journal concerned with the dreams of several diverse persons, namely: Sn. SAP, Sn. Sherm, Atman Halal, and also one more dream by Sn. Hrodobert.

Primum Somnium: I Finally Learn How to Drive, by Sn. SAP. Caput Primum.

This was the dream: I was in a high rise apartment and craved violence. So [redacted] and [redacted,] who were at this point just voices in my head, told me to KILL, so I got in my car. My car descended down from the apartment, driving down the side of the building, killing people in an airplane. And I find myself in a tunnel. I see some posh hooligans. I run one over and then I consider getting out and fighting them, but [redacted] tells me to stay in and run the rest over. I realize I *can* kill, but can I beat someone up? Do I have what it takes? [redacted] and [redacted] tell me it don't mattá. Somehow this ended up with me murdering a bunch of people in a baseball park. Then the air-force tries to take me down, so I press a button and my car turns into a jet, and I destroy the air-force. Then I wake up in my dream. I'm reading the fourth book of [redacted.] I shove the book

off my face and I see "Alephgawral" sleeping a few feet away from me. We next to a furnace, a hearth. He also reading the same book.

Secundum Somnium: The Depraved Minstrel, by Sn. Sherm. Captut. II.

The dream was like this: I was watching YouTube,™ it was a video of an Indian pickup artist, he made a song about how he failed at semen retention. The Lyrics I remember go like this:

God damn, 30 years old;
I'm fuckiń up my boys!

The second bar was the hook also. Dude was wailing it out like a man who could almost maybe sing. It seemed to refer to the spermatozoa as the "boys" in question. The music was so sad, man.

Tertium Somnium: The Enchanted Chain, by Atman Halal. Captut. III.

Wild ass dream. Sn. God shows me mercy by making me forget most of it. Last ting I remember is taking away a clearly powerful ţepeşian piece and chain away from a gremlin baby-nigga. Look like that dude from Eraserhead (1977.). He start crying on me, but my heart cold, my pimp flow ruthless; for an unknown reason,—I wake up.

Quartus Somnium: Am I on Cursed Block? Sn. Hrodobert. Captut. IV.

Had a dream where I was reading bunk ass pre-2000s site for religion and ran across an outline of a book on Baphomet. The article mentioned that this book was the only accurate book used as reference by a group of "Satanists." I end up figuring out where the local chapter is after becoming convinced all the

online versions of the book were edited.

The center is located in the same shitty area of the city where I discovered/created, where I worked in the cryptid steel wharf and created/discovered the magic shop at the end of the world.

Became drive while breaking many laws to reach this really run down building that looks like a one floor restaurant that has had windows and doors sealed with steel fencing and sheet metal doors. Chubby brown ethnic in a collard [sic.] shirt and terrible tie asks me my business being there in the parking lot suspiciously.

I then inform him I want to get this book from his people and that I don't trust translations online. He says this makes sense as online is shit and the book was the only accurate source used by HP Lovecraft.

A series of ethnics drive up and also exit the building as I had been discussing accuracy and faith with the brown one. They begin calling me something and the brown one suddenly smiles and begins to say: "It's fake, it's fake, it's all fake." Which at first I take to be about the book and his center, but I slowly become unsure while still standing outside in the parking lot. I have out of body visions of a multicolored vision of a huge sky and massive rounded plain with a truthful figure just at the horizon, then I wake up.

IN SEARCH FOR CASTLE UNK.

BEING AN ARTICLE CONCERNING THE DISCOVERIÉ AND PROPAGATION OF AN OBSCURE WORK OF EARLY AMERICAN DETECTIVE FICTION, AND THE ONLY KNOWN PROPOSED IDENTIFICATION OF THE ENIGMATIC AUTHOR OF THE SAME.

Written by Sn. SAP. SPD.

Let me ask you this: What is the most profound detective novel? Some of you may point to some serialized ting wherein an actual detective—by virtue of everyone around him being retarded—manages to piece together some mystery. Did you know that Arthur Conan Doyle believed in magic? Yet there's no magic in those books. What a faggot.

More to the point, what a coward, and not cowardly enough at that; the Quad didn't even bother obfuscating his identity.

Neither of this, however, applies to the elusive *Monk*, author of that most divinely inspired of detective novels, *Going and Son*, a work so majestic it feels blasphemous to characterize it as such, for it is so much more than a detective novel; it is a celebration of virtue, an exposé of the corruption of New York City, a meditation on financial vice, a polemic against Romish barbarism, a startling blend of supernatural gothic and detective fiction. A prophecy, yes, a

piece of scripture. Very likely the best piece of financial drama ever written.

But this is not a *review* of Going and Son, nor is it a synopsis.[1] Nonetheless, I will communicate to you, cave-dwelling reader, the essence of Going and Son.

1. *This is not kinosophistry.*

You see, the protagonist of this novel, *Ernest Montant*, is not a detective by trade, he is an accountant, well versed in legal matters. Through his ingenuity and cunning he is able to put the pieces together regarding a plan to ruin the titular firm that he works for. You see, an Italian named *Stilleto* (On Kierkegaard I am not lying, this shit is real,) and a German failed philosopher turned failed lawyer turned wife beater, *August Muller*, concoct a fraudulent plan: *The Hobgoblin Mining and Manufacturing Company*, built around a worthless piece of land (the Hobgoblin farm.) They inflate the company's value to exploit investors, and attempt to get Montant in on their scheme. This does not work because he is too righteous. He then goes on to expose their plot against Going and Son. Look dawg, just read the book, it's worth it man, this is the best piece of financial intrigue I've ever read. It's so funny, man, there's tortured monkeys and beaten land ladies, and a woman with a wolf's head. Do you hate Italians? Read this book. Are you an Italian? Or a hunchback? Or fat? Read this book.

And now, concerning the identity of *Monk*. How have I discovered this? I will tell you: Sit down, cross your legs, lay those filthy fucking hands on them so I don't have to see the dirt, you æminal.

Having recruited the help of two literature-gimps, I noticed that the work was printed for the author, so it was evidently a vanity work. Now, do not think Monk was vain; have you ever met a vain monk? Anyway, my assumption was that Monk was of Germanic extraction, well versed in business or law and, given his insistence on

having a quote from a Shakespeare play at the fore of every chapter,—an admirer of the Bard.

Well, my gimps pointed out to me that, evident from the title page, the book was given to Harvard college at the bequest of *Evert Jansen Wendell.*

Looking at family records, it became clear that the Wendell family—a wealthy Dutch family that settled America rather early on in 1610—held the key to the identity of Monk. Bear in mind that in the late 19th century, the Dutch were known to Americans as "Germans"[2] for a time. We looked through the candidates and I finally settled on who it was: *Jacob Wendell II*, a Bostonian Merchant who moved to New York in 1863, six years before the private publication of Going and Son, that mostly holy of works. He had a number of children, one of whom would carry his name and become an actor, and another who would bear the maiden name of his wife, *Barret Wendel*, who would become a professor of Shakespeare. Another of his sons, *Gordon*, became involved in theater. And, of course, one of his sons was the very same Evrart Jansen Wendell who bequested the book. This is further evidence by the love the author shows of Boston.

2. *Oh, the irony.*

Of note is the fact that Mr. Wendell seemed to have an abiding hatred, or at least disdain, for Italians. There are three Italians[3] in the book, one I have already discussed, Stilleto. He tortures a monkey, beats his landlady, scams numerous people, and disguises as a négrou. Then there is lady *Maretti*, who participates in the aforementioned scam that reallocates thousands of dollars from Going and Son. Finally there is the evil Italian bitch with a wolf's face.

3. *Oh, the irony.*

The search for Castle Unk has not concluded, however. According to the author the characters are all based on real personages of New York City.[4]

4. *Going And Son: A Novel (1869.)*

In addition to the aforementioned characters, there is *Mr. Paradise*, a sly hunchback lawyer; *Mr. Solomons*, a

Jew who, due to him being financially indebted to everyone, avoids leaving his house. And *Mr. Stump*, a short, portly detective who refuses to pronounce anything foreign correctly, and many more who I urge the reader to discover for themselves.

Now, I must, briefly address a very pertinent question: Why is the Hobgoblin Mining and Manufacturing Company thusly named? It is my opinion that there are a number of aspects to this. Firstly, hobgoblins are, in Germanic folklore, little niggas living in houses, latching themselves to abodes, just as the Hobgoblin Mining and Manufacturing Company latches itself to Going & Son. Second, they are fake, ethereal, just like the fraudulent plot surrounding the nature of the HMMC. Thirdly, it also means an imagined, superficial object, that is a source fear. Just like the company that bears it's name.

Now that the knowledge-lecture has been established,
I tell you, reader, you have now been armed with
knowledge that perhaps some five people in
the three worlds are aware of, so go
without fear and read
this book.

THE ACROATIC SIP OF THE PATRIARCH. THE PERFUNDEMENTALS OF its compoſition & conſumption, the advantages whereof and their mechaniſms elucidated.

By Sn. James Ignativs Terrance.

Goodly reader, when I wente to viſit my father he made a draughtious concoction of 6 ſmole lemons mixed with one hand sized apporition of ginger roote, a pound of tumerick, and some ingredient which he kept his own secrect. This beverage was devised in order that: "The lemonous bile maye ſuede the humors to be leſs phlegmatick and melancholick, through the increase of the blood's acidity and temperature, thus heating the goute out the toes, which (as all hot things muſt) doth rise to the backe, heating one's ſpine and curing him of a malifickours and terriblie ſiatick."

For this he presented an ingenial & holie proof which were ſuch ſo without having had meaſured the contents previouſly or made the concoction before (its effectiveneſs was aſcertained apriori) that it fit perfectly into the jar which he ſelected for it, minus one glass, repreſenting the portion that would be ceremoniouſly preſented to his patron ſaint were, he (the ſaint) or it (the glass) there. Following this he put the jar away, having not consumed a drop, and when I asked wherefore he ſtooped to enlighten

me thuſly: "It is the aroma which cauſes the effect and not the conſumption, and if one were to conſume the pulpy draught anyway, it would naturally clear the entirety of one's inteſtines of any humor, along with anything else reſiding inſide." He then went on to example how when one eats a food the ſmell is the ſame inſide one's mouth and outſide, which is the cauſe of the flavor, ſave for the ſaltiness (or lack thereof) which is a mineral trickery, and the only proper portion of taſte, ſave among the yellow orientals (who hardly incidentally are of the ſame color of the lemon and the tumeric,) who he ſays are gifted with two proper taſtes (the Chriſtian man has 3) and a different ſet of ſmells. Furthermore he taught me how the noſe and the ſtomach are interconnected, but easily fooled, exampling how one may ſmell a great pile of excrement and immediately be ſick to one's ſtomach. "On the whole" he ſaid, "it is only too eaſy to foole the ſtomach by way of the noſe, making the conſumption of a medicinal diſhe generally redundant as long as the ſtomach does not grow wiſe."

"If," asked I, "one need only ſmelle the diſhe to enjoy it's purpoſe, then why do you keep the jar, is it to ſmell it further in the future, and if ſo would not a ſmaller jar ſuffice?" He then looked around, moſt keenly eying the room about him, looking over both ſhoulders, left and right, then right and left, and having been ſatisfied of the abſence of the evil eye, whispered to me: "One muſt keep the ſtomach in perpetual darkneſs, and not give him even an inkling that he has been fooled. For once he perceives this treacherous truth he will go forward as if one had never conſumed the draught which one did not, for he knows that one didn't. He is in conſtant communication with the noſe, the inteſtine, the eyes, the harte, the braine, the feet, and so on, but his language is a primitive one, and so by ſome ways he will unexpectedly and immediately diſcover the truth with malicious and aforeplanned recom-

pence, but by leaving the Jar out moſt full, but not full all the way, I myſelf will ſee the jar and think in the back of my minde with my eyes that not only that I have conſumed a decent glaſs of the draught, but be reſtfully ſettled in the knowledge that there is ſtill ſo much remaining. As to why one cannot ſmelle ſome ſmall portion of the draught again and over once more is that ſmells are carried by vapors. This is why one can so eaſily ſmell the rain, and ſmell hot excrement moreſo than cold excrement, and why one muſt be warey of theſe coughs and sneezes of others attempting to enter one's perſon, for being that theſe things, among others, originate in the warmths of the body, they are themſelves warm for some time having exited it. Thus one would have to reheat the draught, which would be itſelf nearly as much work as making it afresh, and morewiſe would diminish it in waterineſs and ſolidify it, reducing each time in heating the vaporitude as well as the potency."

And so I learne.

ON WAKING UP. BEING A DISSERTATION ON WHAT IS CALLED: THE adamantine thunderbolt method that never fails. Concerning the way in which one can awake and ſtay awake at any time one deſires. Written by Sn. Arsvtvmvs.

The existence of the Quadropolis neceſſitates an application of ſkillful means towards every thing which is Quaded by the dubious and hardly exiſtent ſubſtance of the very same ṭing.[1] What does this mean?

1. *No relation to the Very Thing itself.*

There exiſt several purported methods of attaining to the siddhi of waking up at the time one decides and ſtaying awake therefrom, they either fail or fail eventually, their rates of success never reaching a ſtability which is beyond the regular contingencies. What are the regular contingencies, oh! viceroy of wisdom? I will tell you, they are as follows:

a. The time of previous waking.
b. The level of exhauſtion.
c. The presence of ſtimulants.
d. Diet and the other ones.

These form the body of the sleep-eating lion who is also a man. These do not matter, not with this method, not with the all-defeating ſyſtem which is more valuable to me than my own life.

XXXVI. ON WAKING UP.

I once knew a man that would put several cellular devices in various pots and pans as to amplify their acoustic potency. He would awake and have to disable the alarm on several of these, and the noise—as mentioned—being amplified, would aid him in being irritated into wakefulness. Ḍis a good method, but it is nothing compared to the divine simplicity of the glistening and self-arisen lotus diamond which has sprouted in my hands by the grace of the determination of providence. As a matter of fact I should not be telling you this method, it is likely protected by several deities and imams, but, good reader, my heart is as twice the size as I am longer, and as wide as the distance of the grass when the moon is in its seventh mansion. Let me recite a quick litany for success:

Biggest niggā Gōd, please let me slēep,
Let me taste the necṭār of erasure,
Let my bones rejuvenate properly,
Seal me in the all-preserving abyss,
And let me rise towards the Ēast,
And not return to my niggātōmb.

What do the ancients tell us about waking up? The notorious opium addict[2] and possible homosexual,[3] Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, in his proto-praggot work "Meditations," book V. §1, says:

> At dawn, when you have trouble getting out of bed, tell yourself: "I have to go to work—as a human being. What do I have to complain of, if I'm going to do what I was born for—the things I was brought into the world to do?

Just what the fuck is this drug addict talking about? This just doesn't work, who does this? Furthermore it is a weak upāya,[4] that of *self-darkiń*. There are superlatively better ways, and those ways are always based on what is real and true and good and hold the three powers in their essence;

2. *See: Galen et al, I think.*

3. *The correspondence of Marcus Cornelius Fronto.*

4. *This is defined on Wikipedia the Free Encyclopedia and elsewhere.*

for if a man builds a house on air, he muſt be some sort of sorcerer, like, how that ting levitating like that? Scary. Any such sorcery is achieved by the application of wisdom towards the discovery of the true conditions which germinate the desired outcome and, in the discovery or development of any such method, we muſt always work with what is truly real, which to say—powerful. What is the power of a man mumbling to himself in a semi-hypnagogic ſtate? This not the way of masṭás, carpenters, wizened archeomeloi, and the attainers of knowledge. No, this is the totem of those dishonorable slaves that worship at the pre-ejaculate covered altar of "willpower," as it is called in this language, and as it is also known by other demonic names in different tongues.

To be able to wake up at any time and ſtay awake no matter how little one has slept is truly a desirable virtue. It is often that the force of necessity naturally causes those already conscientious enough by nature to have this ability, however, it is never certain enough, and juſt as it is said of *Prometheus*, that he ſtole fire from the gods and was rightly punished[5] for his crime by being chained up in the Caucasus,—so too we muſt learn to obey the law of providence. We do not have a choice in the matter either way, some men are born gimped in various diverse and grotesque ways. I speak of the deformations which are only viable on the exterior by use of the caliper, and not of the obvious monſtrous forms which often occur and acſt as omens of unfortunate things to come.

5. *Snitch.*

Indeed, all men falter at times, and not due to a lack of some superſtitious subſtance, as was previously shown, but due to a lack of *method*, and it is this never before revealed method which is the liberator of the wise, and also a wrathful protector of secrets to the unwise. Yes, it is this method which can raise man from the bardo[6] of waking and maintain him in his induſtriousness. If you wish to

6. *An intermediate ſtate.*

practice it you must first find a sturdy chord or rope which is of a good material. This chord will be dearer to you than your own children, and you must also secure an alarm-making device of some kind, be it a cellular device, a clock, or something similar.

The supreme doctrine tells us that there is no separation between that which is extended and that which is said to be of the mind.[7] We must be mindful of this when dealing with the ignorance-piercing mechanism which is the method of conquerors and a medicine to the diseased. A precursor of this method involved primarily the exertion of physical force as a means of ensuring wakefulness. I will explain this later. This skillful and special means is truly a wish-granting gem which cannot be doubted, and if it is doubted, it still works, because it is maintained by powerful forces, and has yet to fail me in the time that I have used it. However, we must be aware that this is not an exhaustion of the methods relating to sleep; there are many methods, but here we focus, in special, on establishing wakefulness and maintaining it upon first awakening.

7. This is not to be confused with some flavá of idealism.

As previously explained, the expediently outlined union of physical force and mental activity is needed for the generation of the true method, the stainless and fearsome dagger or swoūrd which slays the enemies. Who are these enemies? I shall name them: They are the special conditions which have not been listed among the previous mundane conditions pertaining to sleep and waking. They are the subtle realities of probably certain aspects of the nervous system.

Because I am kind I will teach you a secret seal which in the Orient is called a *mudrā*. I assure you, word-readá, it is oriental merely by necessity and not for the sake of amusement. This method has only been revealed in part, and only by a few persons, as far as I am aware. To access this subtle corporeal seal you must first yawn, and in yawning

notice a small and subtle sensation which occurs in what appears to be the stem of the brain. Once you have isolated this feeling, activate it by engaging that first phase of yawning, but without actually yawning as one normally does, i.e. opening the mouth and so on. Quickly, the skilled one will see that this sensation can be made to rise up and down or be risen up and kept in that position. There, I have revealed the seal, but I cannot tell you what it does, nor can I explain why it should be done. I will only say that it relates to the accumulation of energy. By energy I do not mean this or that, I mean the difference between being tired and the opposite of that.

Truly, even a man who has murdered his father and raped his mother will attain with this method. Yes, even he who has never washed he ass, who is all-smelling and foul; he who has read too many books, even such a person will be saved by this system. The lowliest bustard individual who has cursed himself willingly, even he, even that nigga who has slayed ten-million monastics and trampled on the symbols of holy things, even he will find that the omnipotent and magical method shown here is undeniable, and by virtue of it he will be uplifted from his existence as an ash-covered demon who bathes only in ignorance.

Now, the subtle union of thought and extension reveals to us that to properly awake we must engage both the cognition and the physicality. So, once you have acquired a very good chord or rope that is strong but not too thick, you will take it and put it aside for the time being, for now you must acquire a small container of sorts for which to put your alarm-device of choice into.

All of this is true and without fabulous or wonderful conjecture, there is no falsehood to be detected in these guarded revelations.

Once the aforementioned alarm-device is placed into the container, the container must be closed and then

sealed by using the cord or rope. It must be sealed in such a way as to not allow one to take out its contents before the rope is undone fully. Now, on the nature of the tying of the cord itself, it is as follows: Make many confusing knots that cannot be undone by mere brute force, but that require attention for their undoing.[8] Thus also make sure that the container is tightly sealed and then put the container in somewhat hard to reach place in the location where you sleep. This could be under the bed or on top of a closet, or perhaps behind a desk. I do not know where you sleep, but wherever it is, arrangements can be made which will close the circle and complete the method of the superior man as it relates to sleep and waking.

8. *Such as a Conway knot.*

It is clear now, that once the alarm is activated, you will acquire the container by exerting some physical force, and undo the knots of the rope or chord by applying attention, and thus by the time you have gained access to the alarm-device and disabled it, you will not desire to return to sleep. This is true, this is a miracle.

It must be said, reader, that if you are a person who is prone to mindless anger; the type of nigga that will become furious with the container and the knots, and attempt to break it apart, then I suggest to you the second degree of subtlety contained in the master-method which pierces the eyes of demons: Pick a container which cannot be destroyed easily by the hands of man, and also put some padding within it so that the alarm-device of your choice is not damaged. Though I doubt any such person would be able to read this very text, I nonetheless add this subtle and most prosperous instruction.

I must also, as it is obvious, add a third degree[9] of subtlety to the ever-frightening scepter of the universal world-ruler, which is the method shown here. For a certain type of individual,—a blooded cousin of the aforementioned fumigacious and ill-tempered person—will simply take

9. *Because it is a good number.*

the device and throw it away in an attempt to distance themselves from the sounds which will emanate from the alarm-device. Be assured, this is unlikely to work for several obvious reasons. But if it remains a concern to those who lack assuredness and conviction in the teaching, then let that person make sure to use a good and also sufficient cellular device as the alarm, for this will affect them in such a way that they will avoid attempting any potentially damaging activity with the container. Furthermore,

if they be so lost in the bardo of waking that they would not even be prevented by the upāya of possessiveness, then I tell you: Go to hell, go to the fiery cauldron where your wicked kind belongs, the Eye is forever closed upon you, nigga.

F I N I S.

Infomration
about the Daily Dakin itself, concerning
several important notions &c.

Attention must be paid to the fact that although this publication bears in its name the word "daily," it is not intended to signify that a per diem publishing plan is to be expected. Rather it merely shows that this publication will be released on *a day,* whatever that day may be. It must be further elucidated that unlike the "Goofiíst Encyclicals," which *served* as tripart interlibri to the Infranaciónals, viz.—the very primary codices of the Goofiíst Corpus, this publication will follow no such set path. Rather it will be a rapid and ad hoc delivery mechanism for the usual jestación, though tempered by a more specific notion, that of *darkin* itself and whatever thus unfolds therefrom, and so on.

The Goofiíſt Corpus

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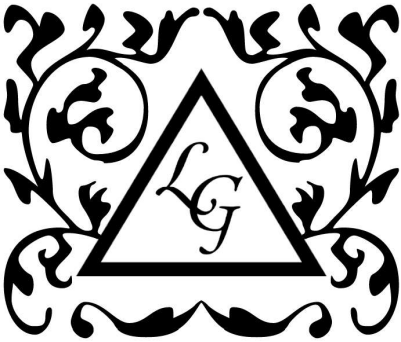

EDITVM ANNO DOMINI

MM.XX.V.